

GREAT THROGS VISIT VIRGINIA BUILDING

Professor Jesse W. Everett Tells of Opening Day at San Francisco.

WASHINGTON FURNITURE USED

Everything Is in Keeping With Historic Significance of Replica of Mt. Vernon—Visitors Take Much Interest in State's Exhibit.

Professor Jesse W. Everett, who was commissioned by the State Department of Education to assemble the educational division of the Virginia exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and who subsequently went to San Francisco to supervise the installation of the exhibit, was in a reminiscent mood. The professor sat at his desk in the office of the Virginia Journal of Education, on the eighth floor of the Chamber of Commerce Building, yesterday afternoon pensively scratching his ear. "The Governor's party is in San Francisco, I believe," he remarked reflectively, "which reminds me of the ordeals we folks from Virginia encountered during the two weeks following our entry into that dear San Francisco, when we took possession of the Virginia Building and essayed to put George Washington's house in order."

MANY ADVENTURES

IN PREPARING EXHIBITS Professor Everett paused and whisked in a low key a few bars from that classic of the vaudeville stage, "Casey Jones."

A grim smile played over his features. "I never hear that tune," he pursued, "but I am reminded of trials and tribulations that beset us at Mount Vernon at the opening of the exposition season. You know, it was Casey Jones, the redoubtable engineer, who

turned to his fireman, and this is what he said: 'We'll all get to Frisco, but we'll all be dead.'"

Encouraged to continue the story, the professor settled himself back comfortably in his chair, and pursued: "Miss Heth, Miss Payne and I reached San Francisco Thursday morning, February 12. The trip out had been delightfully varied and interesting, and had met our highest expectations, but its close found us somewhat fatigued. To be interned in a Pullman for six days is a deplorable experience, where in cramped limbs, suffocation and insomnia play a rather grueling part. FINDS EXPOSITION OF

WONDERFUL BEAUTY Early the next morning Major Neville, of the United States Army, an expatriate Virginian, drove up in a fine car and took us to the exposition grounds. The panoramic sweep of three miles was intensely interesting. As we sped out of the city and down Van Ness Avenue, we were amazed to see how finely the city had been rebuilt. The gaping wounds and blackened scars of the terrible earthquake had almost disappeared, and in their places had come countless homes and business houses of reinforced concrete. On the crest of the avenue we caught our first glimpse of the exposition buildings—a wonderful maze of gleaming colored architecture against the glimmering sheen of the bay of San Francisco. As we slid down the long incline, the 'Jewel City' seemed to come out to meet us, a vision of rare and inexpressible beauty.

Passing beneath the imposing Tower of Jewels and winding in and out among the huge exhibit palaces, we finally swung into the constellation of State buildings. How handsome they looked as we swept by—the gorgeous mission plant of California, the dignified parthenon of Oregon, the rectangular lan of New Jersey and the three-colored structure of Missouri. A block further on and we were in front of Mount Vernon, the Virginia Building.

BANTAM AMONG

TURKEY GOBBLEERS

We could not restrain a smile at its disproportionate size. It looked like a bantam hen among turkey gobblers, or like a modest quaker maid amid the gorgeous denizens of Fifth Avenue. It was at once conspicuous by its inconspicuousness. Our smile, however, was kindly and affectionate. As we crossed its simple threshold, we felt as though we had come home—as though we had found a sweet abiding place at last, where every nook and corner would shine the memories and traditions of our people. Nor were we mistaken, for scarcely had we passed a day in our "plain planter's mansion" before we felt the dignity of its simplicity and the comfort of its coziness. The beauty of its location added to its attractiveness. Just 100 feet in front of it to the north is the magnificent Bay of California, whose waters seem to catch the color of its brilliant colors of old rose, old gold, pale greens, dull grays and royal purples. To the west is the world-famous Golden Gate; to the south the terraced battlements of the residence and to the east the broken and ever varied skyline of the exposition buildings.

In addition to the mansion-house, the Virginia Commission reproduced Washington's office and the old kitchen, both in the rear of and connected with the main building by picturesque arcades. Entering the hall, we found the entire floor stacked with boxes of exhibits. There did not seem space to turn around. "We were fairly embarrassed," we were told, "by the enormous quantities of exhibits."

HARD WORK TO GET THINGS READY

The opening of the exposition was set for February 20. Almost before we knew it the day was upon us. We did not think it possible to have even one room ready, as it had taken four days of our precious week to simply uncrate the exhibits. However, we were inspired by the busy throngs around us, and at 12 o'clock on the night of the 19th, we found four rooms within bearable readiness of the opening.

Grateful mention must be made of the ever-present and most efficient help rendered us by Frank and Albert Bellwood, fellow associates in the Mount Vernon family and by the members of a charming Southern colony in San Francisco—the Tuckers, Stantons, Fishers, Maynards and Langhorns. One and all, they gave loyalty of their time and work and patience for the sake of the Old Dominion.

GOOD-NATURED MOB

By 8 o'clock the next morning, the great door knicker began to clang, and up it kept for two hours! Disregarding the bombardment at first, we went forward with our "finishing touches," and finally slipped out for a hasty breakfast. When we returned, we found the crowd on the porch had grown into a good-natured mob. There was no hope

BARON DE PLANTA AND SOME OF HIS CREATIONS



1. Midnight blue taffeta and lace afternoon frock, trimmed with red roses and cerise maline ruff and frilling. Chapeau to match of blue taffeta, cerise maline and red roses.
2. Navy blue serge morning costume, brocaded in red braid, with black satin tab in front and red silk laces.
3. White faille taffeta afternoon frock, with scallops outlined with piping of same material. Pearl buttons.

of resisting longer, and so with reluctant fingers the bolts were sprung and our first "reception" was on. Miss Heth stood in one of the two exquisitely furnished rooms to the left, and was assisted by Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Tucker. I stood in the hall, and Miss Payne, Miss Heth's assistant, received in the upper hall. Despite the fact that several of the rooms contained exquisite bits of silver and bric-a-brac, we left the doors unopened at first from an ingrained feeling of Virginia hospitality and trustfulness. In an hour we were obliged to recant. The incoming crowds poured over every available space and soon rendered all espionage utterly impossible. Hence the ropes went up—a regrettable necessity.

ALL SORTS AND SIZES VISIT MT. VERNON REPLICA

Heavens! What a stream of human beings! What a study in human faces and in human nature! The panorama sweep was positively fascinating. Just imagine the "exposures" possible where thousands were involved, where subtlety of countenance was not required and where dozens of nationalities were represented! How they poured through—the open-faced Americans, the shrewd Japanese, the stolid Chinese, the conservative English, the swarthy South Americans, the fifty-eyes "greeners," the simple negroes, the sinister Spaniards and the languorous Italians. What endless varieties of complexions, clothing and figures—black, white, yellow and red, high, low, rich and poor, fat, lean, long and short, stupid, clever, jolly and gruff, old, young, crippled and strong—they passed until our eyes and brains were fagged to exhaustion.

And the questions they asked—historical, biographical, architectural, genealogical, sociological, political and personal! The mouths of many seemed set on hair triggers for information. Our replies were received with smiles and bows, with amusement and solemnity, with respect and incredulity, and sometimes with indignant protest. To the vast majority we were what we seemed to be—the simple, unassuming representatives of a distant and ancient commonwealth to others we were open to question at least—to a few we were bluffers pure and simple!

ORIGINAL WASHINGTON FURNITURE ON VIEW

Our "reception" closed at 6 o'clock. Even then we had to shut the doors in the face of a steady stream. We estimated that 3,000 people had passed through during the day. When the

last guest had disappeared, and the last key had been turned, we "drizzled" our weary steps and gladdened hearts to the supper table, and such an "experience meeting" as we had! The suspense was over—the day had been a success and we could revel in the countless incidents.

As Governor Stuart and his escort entered Mount Vernon on Thursday, they found its entrance hall decorated with portraits of distinguished Virginians, several old English paintings, and two pieces of Mount Vernon furniture—a gilt-framed mirror resting on an antique table and a priceless hauboy belonging to Mrs. Washington. Turning to the left they saw two charming rooms furnished as in Washington's time—one a living room containing Mrs. Washington's writing desk and workbox, Nelly Custis's music stand, a Washington chair, a card table and several other pieces of exquisite antique furniture. Mirrors and portraits adorn the walls. The adjoining room is beautifully equipped as a dining-room. It contains two of the original Mount Vernon tables, a lovely collection of Gustis silver, and several pieces of priceless antique furniture. The floors of both rooms are newly covered with "rag carpets"—faithful reproductions of early Mount Vernon days.

WINCHESTER

WINCHESTER, VA., July 10.—Peter H. Mayo, of Richmond, has reopened his attractive country home, "Peachtree," near Millwood, Clarke County, where he will spend the remainder of the summer entertaining at informal house parties. Mr. Mayo was accompanied on the trip from Richmond by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Carter, Mrs. Isabel Carter and Miss Eleanor Alcock. They made the journey in motor cars.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes Conrad, Jr.,

have returned to Washington after visiting at the home of the former's parents, Major and Mrs. Holmes Conrad.

Rear-Admiral Reginald F. Nicholson, of the United States Navy, and Mrs. Nicholson and their daughter, Miss May Nicholson, and Mrs. Bovan, who have been visiting friends in Winchester, spent the Fourth as the guests of Major-General and Mrs. George Barnett at their home, Wakefield Manor, near Flint Hill, Va., and have since returned to Washington.

Mrs. Louis McCoy, Nulton and her two young daughters, who spent the past winter and spring with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Evans, left this week for Annapolis, Md., to join Commander Nulton, who is now on duty at the Naval Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson C. Welliver and their children, of Washington, who have been visiting in the Shenandoah Valley, were the guests of friends here several days ago.

Miss Ross Road Lockwood, of Annapolis, Md., is spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Bowers have been visiting relatives near Laurel, Md.

Mrs. William M. Atkinson, who has



Beautify the Complexion

A greaseless preparation for beautifying the complexion that will not cause the growth of hair.

At Drugists and Department Stores

Gouraud's

Oriental Cream

We will send a complexion

chamois and book of powder

leaves for 5c. to cover cost

of mailing and wrapping.

5 FORD T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.

27 Great Jones St., New York City

SPECIALTY SHOPS

This is the Age of Specialization
"Do One Thing Well" is the Secret of Success

Business Men's Lunch, 40c.

STUMPF'S

Eighth and Main

Music Evenings.

Stumpf's Own Make Devil Crabs.

\$1.00 per dozen.

Prices Reduced on High-Grade

Lawn Mowers

Large Variety, All Sizes.

Clarke-Hardware

1215 East Main Street.

Cash register receipts good for

votes in M. & M. \$2,000 contest.

New Hair Dressing Parlors

224 Commercial Building,

North Second Street,

between Broad and Grace.

Hair Work, Manicuring, Chiropody.

Popular Prices.

Phone Mad. 2012 for appointments.

MRS. M. G. SHANNONHOUSE,

formerly with Miller & Rhoads and

Cohen Co.

The name of perfection

Queen Quality Butter, 55c lb.

Delivered in perfect condition to any

part of the city.

Jersey Butter Co.

1722 E. Main. Phone Mad. 4320.

One Week Sale Only.

Best Country Meat, neck, 28c

Best Lamb, pound, 10c

All 16 goods, 8c

Country Breakfast Bacon, lb., 18c

"Quality Food for Quality Folks."

BEST GROCERY CO.,

701 North Fourth St. Stand, 4189

Baron Is Creator of Artistic Gowns

Tragedy of Beautiful Countess, His Fiancee, Leads Him to Aesthetic Career.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, July 10.—Baron Philigus de Planta, of Paris, known throughout the capitals of Europe as an artist of unusual ability and a creator of women's fashions, has come to New York to originate beautiful garments and millinery for American society women. The baron has visited this country before. Some time ago he was honorably released from the French army, having been injured by a fall from his horse while in the service.

He has left the war-ridden country to pursue his artistic endeavors for a while. He believes that America's efforts in trying to wrest the predominance of Paris as the world's fashion center will be partly crowned with success, at least until after the close of the present war. In the meantime the baron, who speaks almost perfect English, has secured a fashionable studio, and within a short time will go to Newport to spend a portion of the summer season. And, incidentally, there is a deeply romantic story connected with the baron and his work.

The baron inherits his artistic genius through several generations. He is the scion of an old, aristocratic family which came originally from Milan a few hundred years ago, settled in the Tyrol and later in France. The family has produced a number of artistic geniuses, the work of whom is to be found in numerous parts of Europe. The baron is thirty-four years of age, unmarried, and most of his life has been spent in the artistic circles of Paris, Brussels and Vienna. Originally intending to devote his life to high art, purely for art's sake, his admiration for the weaker sex inspired him, more or less by accident, to switch from his original plan and become a specialist in women's fashion art for the smart people of Paris, crowned heads of the various capitals, and American women visiting Europe. His stunning mode creations and delineation of the smart Parisienne in his paintings and pen and ink sketches soon won him recognition.

Strange to say, this all came about through one of the saddest, most startling of tragedies. Some years ago there was a noted countess, whose rare beauty was the talk of various parts of Europe, especially in Ostend, where she was summering. Baron de Planta, who was quite young at the time, fell desperately in love with her. Beneath the moon's romantic rays on the dim, then peaceful beach at that famous resort, he proposed to her one night.

"Philippe," she replied, suddenly seized with a brilliant idea, "you are an artist and you say you love me. Design for me a wonderful gown for Yvonne's (her cousin's) fete, next Sunday week. Let it express all the devotion you have for me. I wish to be the most stunningly dressed woman there."

"And if it prove a success," she will—" "Give you my answer when I dance with you," she interrupted.

The baron set about his task with burning desire to produce a masterpiece. The design of the gown, masterful to be sure, yet not immodest, pleased the countess. The unique headpiece likewise delighted her. When her modest and courtier

worked out the baron's design, she was pleased. At the grand fete the countess created a veritable sensation. A dreamy Viennese valse floated up from the orchestra, and as the baron glided off with her, she gave him the affirmative answer, "Oui, Philippe." (His intimates knew him as Philippe.)

Dawn was just breaking when the countess retired. Her maid tucked her comfortably beneath the coverlet, and herself retired, and scarcely more than an hour later the countess, who was subject to walking in her sleep, arose and, unquestionably quite asleep, attired herself in the gown once more. She walked out to the beach, waded into the surf. Some hours later the incoming tide washed in her dead body.

Some time after that tragic incident Baron de Planta became interested in the actual creation of new styles, and was entrusted with the designing of costumes and scenery for various Parisian theatrical productions and operas. His fame already had spread among the nobility and fashionable centers of Europe, and he began to originate wonderful apparel for a number of famous beauties and crowned heads. His work received the high commendation of such noted couturiers as Paul Poiret and Madame Paquin, and oftentimes American designers would say to him: "Baron, why do you not set up an establishment to execute these beautiful gowns and hats which you design for us? In that way you could build them exactly as you wish." But the baron preferred not to go into trade. He was content merely to do the artistic creating and perfectly willing to let some other than in fabric execute the design, and he continues of the same mind.

He made several trips through the Orient, spending much time in Egypt for new inspirations, and as a consequence there appeared on the French stage several successful productions noted for the originality and daring of the Oriental costumes, all of which were evolved by this young nobleman.

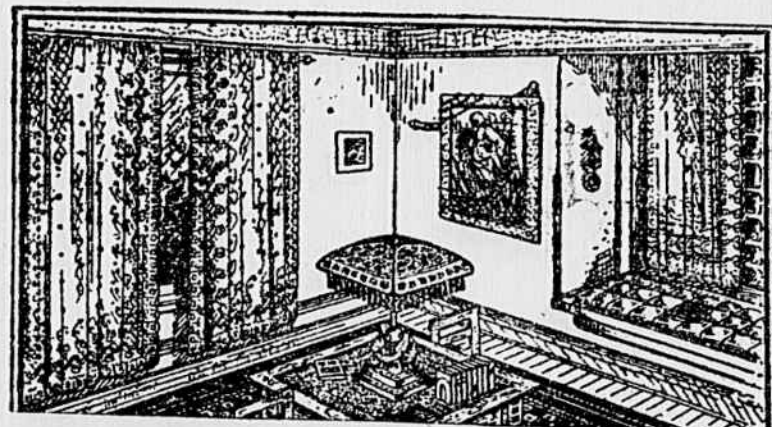
Rather than lead an extravagant high life, such as common among the European aristocracy, the baron prefers to live in comparative quiet and devote himself to his art. Another interesting point is that he has never married. Throughout his travels he has never as yet met a woman quite measures up to his ideal—of an unfortunate countess who wore old first gown of his creation.

PARISIAN SAGE

Ladies who find trouble in properly or attractively arranging and dressing their hair should try using a little Parisian Sage twice daily for a while and note the remarkable improvement. Parisian Sage, which can be obtained at Tragle Drug Co. or any drug counter, makes the hair soft, lustrous, fluffy and wavy, takes out the dull, lifeless appearance, dissolves the dandruff and stimulates the hair roots into healthy normal action. Instead of merely sprinkling the hair, it should be rubbed right into the scalp with the finger tips. Parisian Sage is a delightful treatment for both hair and scalp, cannot possibly injure the hair and is very inexpensive.

RYAN SMITH & Co. Policy Store

New Location, Broad at Jefferson



After Inventory Clearance Lace Curtains At Striking Reductions

We announce for to-morrow a clearance of Lace and Net Curtains that should attract hundreds of eager women. Note the striking savings from the usual "Low Profit Policy Prices"—ask to see the Curtains Monday morning.

8 pairs of \$1.50 Nottingham Curtains at	\$1.20
1 pairs of \$1.35 Nottingham Curtains at	95c
6 pairs of \$1.25 Nottingham Curtains at	95c
12 pairs of \$1.25 Nottingham Curtains at	85c

MANY OTHERS REDUCED IN PROPORTION.

Reductions on

Net Curtains

A large line of Net Curtains, 3 yards long, in Arabian, ivory and white; regularly considered excellent values at

\$2.50 to \$3.50

ON SALE MONDAY AT

\$1.65 to \$2.25

20% Off Sale of North Star and Other Refrigerators